

## LOVE-MAKING UP IN THE AIR.

COURSHIP MUCH THE SAME THE WORLD OVER, EYES AMONG BIRDS.

Lovers with Fine Binoculars the Favorites—The Crane's Accomplishments—Patriotic Affection Shown Even by Toms and Marmots—Tenderness of Starlings—Love in the Air.

Leaving against the railing of the crane cage in the Park, a few days ago, the writer was much amused by the ludicrous actions some of its occupants. Several of them started simultaneously as it seemed to him, rising and circling the circle, flying here and there, raising their heads in the air, and striking imaginary bows, then starting off in before shooting away rapidly and homing away on their long legs in a most amiable manner—all this being accomplished with various squawks, exclamationts from side to side, carried by a clew into the air.

"What is the matter with your cranes?" an attendant was asked.

"You'd hardly guess, sir; but they're making love," was the answer. "The ones standing still are the females, and they look on while the males show off and go through all these capers before them. Sometimes they keep it up for a week before they get mated, and some days you'd think the whole flock had gone stark staring mad."

It was suggested that, as they all looked alike, the mating process would be very simple, but the attendant said: "Birds are just like people, and they won't have a mate unless he just suits their taste, and they're mighty particular. Even after they get mated, if the male gets lost or loses his show feathers, the hens will all desert him. We had a good case of this last summer, when one of our best penstocks lost his tail. Before that he was the life and soul of the place, but now he's nothing but a mere skeleton, and the girls are looking elsewhere."

At the stars the birds are more amorous.

Their nests are built of twigs, and are

large enough to hold a dozen eggs.

The males are very fond of

the females, and are

seen to be

constantly

around them, and are